Dear Jim, 12/1/72

The interruption in writing because of the Bud fiasco has not ended. As soon as I got home I started working on various accumulations because Jennie Gelber was to have come here Monday on several stroies. Thus I worked on odds and ends. I may get some writing done before I get another such interruption Wednesday. A reporter from the south is to visit for several days of work that I hope will lead to something. It is now apparent that one of my goals will be impossible, getting the rough draft completed before tax season starts. So, before getting into work this morning, a couple of notes.

I have been sent a book that seems relevant to The Informers. It is Cops and Revels. Lil has started to read it.

Please try to get the copies of The Real Paper dealing with the CTIA meeting. I will want to see how Jennie wrote about it. I began to develop an uneasy feeling about her before I left her after a pizza Saturday night. You appear not to have the short note I wrote later. I then attributed this feeling to the detachment of people like her. This may be the case, but I'd rather see the paper now. I regard it as very strange that she has not been in touch with me or that the editor has not been because after the Skolnick insanity I made several offers that are journalistically attractive and could have been profitable to the paper. There her connections are good: she has lived with the editor for six months. And he has real competition. Boston is one of the places with two thriving underground papers. (She corrected me. It is now the alternative press.)

I learned a bit more about her for which I'll not now take time.

She appears to be a friend of Bob Cutler's. He gave her some money in my presence just before he left.

She and a brother are formers SDS. This came out in an odd way, in connection with the note on the Missouri State Prison man. If you do not have this note either, we should talk about it when we are together. As soon as she said this, without orelude, I went right into the stuff we gave Gerry,fast and to the point, indicating that there were possibilities if I could get a picture or descriptions of the mercury man. Her reaction, and she showed few, was almost a strongly hidden strong one. This is to say she did react and seemed simultaneously to be trying to hide her reaction. She did say the Wilkerson girl was a friend of hers. I think she called her "Tina" and said almost wistfully, very softly, "Tina Wilkerson was a friend of mine."

The more time we spent together the more she reminded me of another young woman of her age and the more uneasy that made me. And her story did not hang together. Because of this I almost phoned Lil about bringing her home for the weekend or for overnight, for as she told it she had no place to stay that night.

My contacts with the SDS people are almost non-existent, so I have no real way of reading their behavior except by my own square behavior, which may be invalid. There is one thing in particular that makes me wonder, however, for it is not what I would expect of a young woman of principle. She seems to make her way by sleeping with those who provide for her. With five years of college, this should not be necessary. Five years and no degree. Before moving in with this editor she lived with an older economist, who had a farm in Maine.

When Bob gave her money, I wondered if she had a pad, for she seemed to be with nobody. Earlier he had told me that he had told her to look me up. She had phoned me from Boston, a long call. When I asked her about accomodations, she first said she didn't know, that it depended on whether a doctor friend got back home that night. It was then that I offered to phone Lil. She said she'd wait and see, something like that, from which I gathered see if this doctor, who I took to be a man, did get back to his place. She did say something about being able to get into his place. Because at the end the Skolnick performance did make me think that the time had come to deal with him and because she was with this underground paper, I asked her to eat so I could continue to talk to her about stories, including one on him. On this I was specific enough, offering an expose with documents. With the competition openly associated with Skolnick (Ogelsby and the crazies at the meeting and the Archives) this should have been a natural. She said her place was I think 1834 19. At first she said only Dupont Circle area, until I offered to drive her there. It turned out that it was the wrong address, the wrong side of the street and she had a key...HW